

The Time Has Come

Erupt vile menace,
For thou wilt take no more from me.
I shall no longer surrender
That which I hold, in heart, so dearly.
Dost thou think that thou art better
Than all of us ordinary mortals

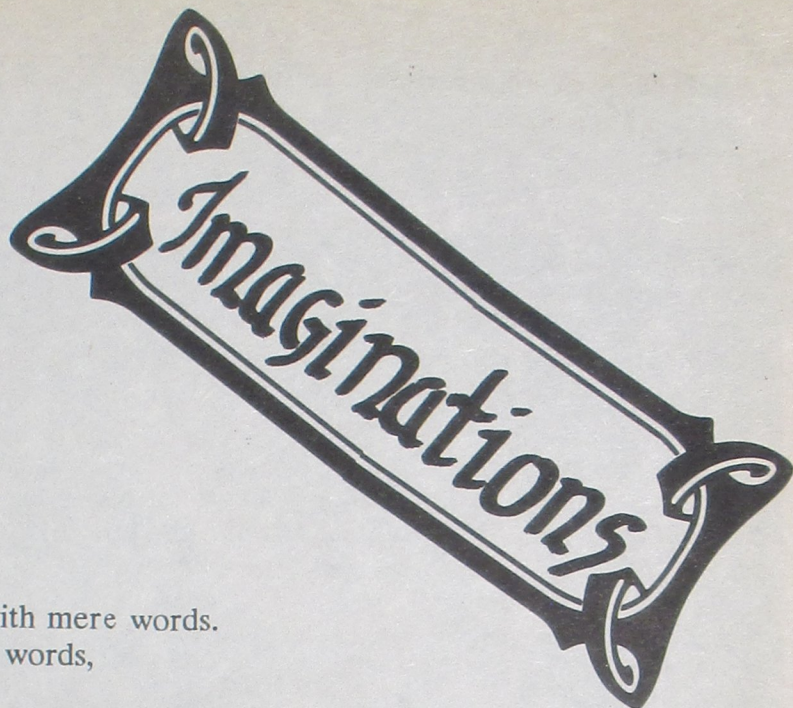
Who have little else than love
To open our own private portals?
Take arms if ye dare,
But I think that thou would be a fool to
Bear arms against one who can wound with mere words.
'Tis not I, for I have no eloquence in my words,
But there is another, greater than I,
Who will destroy the very thoughts thou thinkst.
He shall rip thou apart,
He shall rot thou apart,
He shall rot your infantile mind
Until it, like thou, has no use.
Who is it to whom I refer?
Who is this great terror that I speak of?
Why 'tis thine own reflection,
For what worse torture could come to a monster
Than being left to contemplate his own distortions?

Anthony N. Chandler

Tanks of Gas

The silly boy, see how he laments
In tanks of gas and car payments.
He checks his mileage, to see how far
A tank of gas will take his car.
He reads the manual with much detail
As if it were a map to the Holy Grail
Giving him an everlasting youth
Which is so very far from the truth.
For each second spent in its admiration
Or filling it up at the local station
Is a second spent, time gone by
And time, as time oft does, seems to fly.
Where will these follies come to end,
But in the pages of Motor Trend.
Things oft change in the world of cars
One day Saturn...the next day Mars.

Anthony N. Chandler



A Little Mash For The Backlash.

Who are we before one and other
As our eyes met and pass
There is another
But it is too quick to see into those eyes
Too quick to see into their hearts
Is their heart male or female
Oh maybe their just another.

Each day goes by and may other
My mother, who is another beautiful being
Yes we are another to
Just as the skies are blue
She says live the golden rule
And so does he my father who
Is another, say
Love one another

Yes we are friends not foes so now
We can progress together with one
Another without ill weather,
Under the shining rule love one another.

William Tell
Blair Kelly